

Better than a Tea Party

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Category: Fire Emblem

Genre: Family

Language: English

Characters: Avatar/Corrin, Xander

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-07 23:02:40

Updated: 2016-04-07 23:02:40

Packaged: 2016-04-27 22:12:34

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 477

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Years before the start of Fates, young Xander visits little Corrin. A short fanfic written in boredom.

Better than a Tea Party

A/N: I do not own Fire Emblem Fates or any of its characters or plotlines. This story is of my own imagination, borrowing FE characters. It's set way before the start of the game, and I kinda just guessed at the age difference between Xander and Corrin. R&R, please ^\_~

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Better than a Tea Party

"I'm bored," a young Corrin whined to no one, flopping onto her bed. There was no one else in the room.

Just then, the door opened. Walking over to her was a young man with curly blond hair, tamed only slightly by the circlet he wore. He was almost knocked to the floor by the speed and force of the hug forced upon him by the girl. Instead, he used the momentum to spin them both around before setting her down.

"Xander! I thought you'd never come back!" She cried.

"I visit whenever I can, Little Princess, but with everything that is happening in the world outside this tower—" Xander trailed off.

Corrin squeezed Xander's hand and frowned. "I know. You must be tired from fighting so much."

"Yes, but being here with you always makes me feel better. Now that I'm here, what would you like for us to do? I can only stay for a

bit."

"You're leaving already?" Corrin sounded let down, like an abandoned kitten. Then, in a happier voice, "Let's have a tea party!"

Raising an eyebrow, Xander questioned, "A tea party? Aren't you getting a bit too old for that? You're already ten years old."

"I'm not too old for a tea party!" Corrin huffed. "Butâ€¦ Maybe, you are."

"I'm sixteen. I'm not old, but tea parties are not quite what I thought you were looking for."

"You sure act old, with your frowny face and all." The girl giggled.

Sighing, Xander relaxed his features. It wasn't quite a smile, but it was no longer eligible to be called a frown. "How would you like for me to train you in swordsmanship? I might not be able to train with you very often, but hopefully, in time, you will become proficient."

Shock was written all over Corrin's face. When it didn't subside after a short while, Xander became worried that he had said something strange.

"Corrin? Are you alri-"

Xander was cut off when Corrin launched herself at him once more, squealing and embracing him until he was blue in the face.

"Yes! I want to learn swordsmanship from you! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"I...Can't...Breatheâ€¦" Xander managed to say before he was completely out of oxygen.

Giggling, Corrin apologized and loosened her arms, but didn't let go completely. "I love you, big brother. This is way better than a tea party!"

The End.

End  
file.